

15

THE  
STATE DUNCES.

INSCRIBED TO

Mr. P O P E.

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*I from my Soul sincerely hate  
Both ---- and M-----rs of State.*

SWIFT.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for W. DICKENSON in Witch-Street. 1733.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE

# STATE DUNCEES.

INSCRIBED TO

MR. O. S. L.



I have my 2nd January date

Belb --- and M --- of 2nd

E. O. W. D. O. A.

Printed for W. D. Jackson and M. J. Jackson





T H E  
S T A T E D U N C E S :

I N S C R I B ' D T O

Mr. P O P E.

**W**hile cringing Crowds at faithless Levees wait,  
Fond to be Fools of Fame, or Slaves of State,  
And others, studious to encrease their Store,  
Plough the rough Ocean for *Peruvian* Ore ;  
How blest thy Fate whom calmer Hours attend,  
Peace thy Companion, Fame thy faithful Friend ;  
While in thy *Twick'nham* Bowers devoid of Care,  
You feast the Fancy and enchant the Ear,  
*Thames* gently rolls her silver Tide along,  
And the charm'd *Naiades* listen to thy Song.

B

Here

Here peaceful pass the gentle Hours away,  
 While tuneful Science measures out the Day!  
 Here happy Bard, as various Fancies lead,  
 You paint the blooming Maid, or flow'ry Mead!  
 Sound the rough Clangour of tumultuous *War*, \*  
 Or Sing the *ravish'd Tendrils* of the *Fair*! §  
 Now melting move the tender Tear to flow,  
 And wake our Sighs with *Eloisa's* woe. ||  
 But chief to *Dulness* ever Foe decreed,  
 The *Apes* of Science with thy *Satire* bleed; †  
*P--rs*, *Poets*, *Panders*, mingle in the Throng,  
 Smart with thy Touch, and tremble at thy Song. \*\*

Yet vain, O *Pope*! is all thy sharpest Rage,  
 Still starv'ling *Dunces* persecute the Age;  
 Faithful to Folly, or enrag'd with Spite,  
 Still *tasteless Timons* build, and *Tibbalds* write;  
 †† Still *Welfstead* tunes his Beer-inspir'd Lays,  
 And *Ralph*, in Metre, howls forth *Stanhope's* Praise:

\* *Homer.*§ *Rape of the Lock.*|| *Eloisa to Abelard.*† *Dunciad.*\*\* *Epistles.*

†† Still *Welfstead*,] Two Authors, remarkable for nothing so much as the Figure  
 And *Ralph*, ] they make in the *Dunciad*; where Mr. *Pope* has condescended to  
 drag them from Obscurity, and *damn* them with *Immortality*; yet they have both ven-  
 tur'd out in Print since they were enter'd *Dunces* on Record; the one in a few bad  
 Verses against Mr. *Pope's* Taste, the other in a dull *Epistle* to Lord *Chesterfield*; but  
 both these Peices are as entirely lost to Fame and Memory, as their Authors are to  
 Modesty and Common Sense.

Ah!



Ah! *hapless* Victim to the Poet's Flame,  
While his Eulogiums crucify thy Fame.

Shall embryo Wits thy studious Hours engage,  
*Live* in thy Labours, and *prophane* thy Page;  
While Virtue, ever-lov'd, demands thy Lays,  
And claims the tuneful Tribute of thy Praise;  
Can *Pope* be silent, and not grateful lend,  
One Strain to sing the *Patriot*, and the *Friend*;  
Who nobly anxious in his Country's Cause,  
Maintains her Honours, and defends her Laws:  
Could I my Bard but equal Numbers raise,  
Then would I sing --- for oh! I burst to praise:  
Sing how a *Pulteney* charms the list'ning Throng,  
While *Senates* hang enraptur'd on his Tongue;  
With *Tully's* Fire how each Oration glows,  
In *Tully's* Music, how each Period flows;  
Instruct each Babe to lisp the Patriot's Name,  
Who in each Bosom breathes a *Roman* Flame.

So when the *Genius* of the *Roman* Age  
Stem'd the strong Torrent of tyrannic Rage,  
In Freedom's Cause each glowing Breast he warm'd,  
And like a *Pulteney*, then a *Brutus* charm'd.

How

How blest, while we a *British Brutus* see,  
 And all the *Roman* stand confest in Thee!  
 Equal thy Worth, but equal were thy Doom,  
 To save *Britania* as he rescu'd *Rome*;  
 He from a *Tarquin* snatch'd the destin'd Prey,  
*Britania* still laments a *W*---'s Sway.

Arise my tuneful *Bard*, nor thus in vain  
 Let thy *Britania*, whom thou lov'st, complain:  
 If Thou in moanful Lays relate her Woe,  
 Each Heart shall bleed, each Eye with Pity flow:  
 If to Revenge you swell the sounding Strain,  
 Revenge and Fury fire each *British* Swain:  
 Obsequious to thy Verse each Breast shall move,  
 Or burn with Rage, or soften into Love.

O let *Britania* be her Poet's Care!  
 And lash the *Spoiler*, while you save the *Fair*.  
 Lo! where he stands, amidst the *servile Crew*;  
 Nor Blushes stain his Cheek with crimson Hue,  
 While dire *Corruption* all around he spreads,  
 And e'ry ductile *Conscience* captive leads:  
 Brib'd by his Boons, behold the *venal* Band,  
 Worship the *Idol* they could once command:

So



So *Britain's* now, as *Judah's* Sons before,  
First raise a GOLDEN CALF, and then adore.

Let dull *Parnassian* Sons of Rhime, no more  
Provoke thy Satire, and employ thy Power;  
New Objects rise to share an equal Fate,  
The *big, rich, mighty, Dunces* of the State.  
Shall *Ralph, Cooke, Welstead*, then engross thy Rage,  
While Courts afford a *H----*, *T----*, or *G----*;  
*Dullness* no more roosts only near the Sky,  
But *Senates, Drawing-rooms*, with Garrets vye;  
Plump *P--rs*, and breadless Bards, alike are dull,  
St. *James's* and *Rag-Fair*, club Fool for Fool.

Amidst the *mighty Dull*, behold how great  
An *Appius* swells the *Tibbald* of the State ;  
Long had he strove to spread his lawless Sway  
O'er *Britain's* Sons, and force them to obey ;  
But blasted all his blooming Hopes, he flies  
To vent his Woe, and mourn his lost Ex--se.

Pensive he sat, and sigh'd, while round him lay  
Loads of dull Lumber, all inspir'd by Pay :

C

Here,

Here, puny Pamphlets, spun from *Prelates* Brains ;  
 There, the smooth Jingle of *Cook's* lighter Strains ;  
 Here *Walsingham's* soft lulling Opiates spread ;  
 There gloomy *Osborn's* Quintessence of Lead :  
 With these the *Statesman* strove to ease his Care,  
 To sooth his Sorrows, and divert Despair ;  
 But long his Grief Sleep's gentle Aid denies,  
 At length a slumbrous *Briton* clos'd his Eyes.

Yet vain the healing Balm of downy Rest,  
 To chase his Woe, or ease his labouring Breast ;  
 Now frightful Forms rise hideous to his View,  
*More, Strafford, Laud,* and all the headless Crew ;  
*Daggers* and *Halters* boding, Terror breeds,  
 And here a *Dudley* swings, there *Villars* bleeds.

Now Goddess *Dullness*, watchful o'er his Fate,  
 And ever anxious for her Child of State,  
 From Couch of Down, flow rais'd her drowsy Head,  
 Forsook her Slumbers, and to *Appius* sped.

Awake, my Son, Awake, the Goddess cries,  
 Nor longer mourn thy darling lost Ex--se ;  
 (Here the sad Sound unseal'd the Statesman's Eyes)

}  
 Why



Why flumbers thus my Son, oppress'd with Care,  
 While *Dullness* rules, say, shall her Sons despair?  
 O're all I spread my universal Sway,  
*K--gs, Pr---tes, P--rs,* and *Rulers* all obey;  
 Lo! in the *Church* my mighty Power I shew,  
 In Pulpit preach, and slumber in the Pew;  
 The *Bench* and *Bar* alike my Influence owns,  
 Here prate my *Magpies*, and there doze my *Drones*.  
 In the grave Dons, how formal is my Mien,  
 Who rule the Gallipots of *Warwick-Lane*:  
 At Court behold me strut in *Purple Pride*,  
 At *Hockley* roar, and in *Crane-Court* preside.  
 But chief in Thee, my mighty Power is seen,  
 'Tis I inspire thy Mind, and fill thy Mien;  
 On Thee, my Child, my duller Blessings shed,  
 And pour my Opium o'er thy favourite Head;  
 Rais'd Thee a Ruler of *Britannia's* Fate,  
 And led Thee blundering to the Helm of State.

Here bow'd the Statesman low, and thus address;  
 O Goddess, sole Inspirer of my Breast!  
 To gall the *British* Neck with *Gallic* Chain,  
 Long have I strove, but long have strove in vain;  
While

While *Caleb*, Rebel to thy sacred Power,  
 Unveils those Eyes which Thou had'st curtain'd o'er;  
 Makes *Britain's* Sons my dark Designs foresee,  
 Blast all my Schemes, and struggle to be free.  
 O had my Projects met a milder Fate,  
 How had I reign'd a Bashaw of the State!  
 How o'er *Britannia* spread m' imperial Sway!  
 How taught each free-born Briton to obey!  
 No smiling Freedom then had cheer'd her Swains,  
 But *Asia's* Desarts vy'd with *Albion's* Plains:  
*Turks, Vandals*, BRITAIN! then compar'd with Thee,  
 Had hugg'd their Chains, and joy'd that they were free;  
 While wond'ring Nations all around had seen  
 Me rise a *Great Mogull* or *Mazarin*:  
 Then had I taught *Britannia* to adore,  
 Then led her Captive to my lawless Power.  
 Methinks I view her now no more appear  
 First in the Train, and Fairest 'midst the Fair;  
 Joyless I see the lovely Mourner lye,  
 Nor glow her Cheek, nor sparkle now her Eye;  
 Faded each Grace, no smiling Feature warm;  
 Torn all her Tresses, blighted ev'ry Charm;  
 Nor teeming Plenty now each Valley crowns,  
*Slaves* are her Sons, and *tradeless* all her Towns.

For



For this, behold yon *peaceful Army* fed ;  
 For this, on *Senates* see my Bounty shed ;  
 For this, what Wonders, Goddeſs, have I wrought !  
 How bully'd, beg'd, how treated, and how fought !  
 What wand'ring Maze of Error blunder'd thro',  
 And how repair'd old Blunders ſtill by new !  
 Hence the long Train of never-ending Jars  
 Of *warful Peaces*, and of *peaceful Wars*,  
 Each *myſtic Treaty* of the mighty Store,  
 Which to explain, demands *ten Treaties* more :  
 Hence *Scarecrow Navies*, floating *Raree-Shows*,  
 And hence *Iberia's Pride*, and *Britain's Woes*.  
 Theſe wondrous Works, O Goddeſs, have I done,  
 Works ever worthy *Dullneſs'* fav'rite Son.

Lo ! on thy Sons alone my Favours ſhower,  
 None ſhare my Bounty that diſdain thy Power :  
 Yon *Feathers*, *Ribbons*, Titles light as Air,  
 Behold thy choiceſt Children only ſhare ;  
 Each views the *Pageant* with admiring Eyes,  
 And fondly graſps the viſionary Prize ;  
 Now proudly ſpreads his *Leading-string* of State,  
 And thinks to be a *Wretch* is to be Great.

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 Works ever worthy *Dullness'* fav'rite Son.

Lo ! on thy Sons alone my Favours shower,  
 None share my Bounty that disdain thy Power :  
 Yon *Feathers*, *Ribbons*, Titles light as Air,  
 Behold thy choicest Children only share ;  
 Each views the *Pageant* with admiring Eyes,  
 And fondly grasps the visionary Prize ;  
 Now proudly spreads his *Leading-string* of State,  
 And thinks to be a *Wretch* is to be Great.

But turn, O Goddess, turn thine Eyes and view,  
The darling *Leaders* of thy gloomy Crew.

Full open-mouth'd *N---e* there behold,  
Aping a *Tully*, swell into a *Scold*,  
Grievous to mortal Ear ; --- As at the place  
Where loud-tongu'd Virgins vend the scaly Race,  
Harsh Peals of vocal Thunder fill the Skies,  
And stunning Sounds in hideous Discord rise ;  
So when he tries the wondrous Power of Noise,  
Each hapless Ear's a Victim to his Voice.

How blest, O *Chefelden* ! whose Art can mend,  
Those Ears *N---e* was ordain'd to rend.

See *H---n* secure in silence sit,  
No empty Words betray his Want of Wit ;  
If Sense in hiding Folly is express'd,  
O *H---n*, thy Wisdom stands confess'd.

To *Dullness* sacred Cause for ever true,  
Thy darling *Caledonian*, Goddess, view,  
The Pride and Glory of thy *Scotia's* Plains,  
And faithful Leader of her *venal* Swains,

Loaded



Loaded he moves, beneath a fervile Weight,  
 The dull laborious *Packhorse* of the State;  
 Drudges through Tracks of Infamy for *Pay*,  
 And hacknies out his Conscience by the Day:  
 Yonder behold the busy *peerless Peer*,  
 With Aspect meagre and important Air;  
 His Form how gothic, and his Looks how sage!  
 He seems the living *Plato* of the Age.

Blest Form! in which alone thy Merit's seen,  
 Since all thy *Wisdom* centers in thy *Mien*!

Here *E-----* ~~the~~ *A-b-le* (for Senates fit)  
 And *W-----* by the Wife in Council fit,  
 Here looby *G-----n*, *G-----m*, ever dull,  
 By Birth a *Senator*, by Fate a *F--l*.

While these, *Britannia*, watchful o'er thy State,  
 Maintain thine Honours, and direct thy Fate,  
 How shall admiring Nations round adore,  
 Behold thy Greatness, tremble at thy Pow'r;  
 How *Shebas* come, invited by thy Fame,  
 Revere thy Wisdom, and extol thy Name.

Lo! to yon *Bench* now, Goddess, turn thine Eyes,  
 And view thy Sons in solemn Dulness rise,

All doating, wrinkled, grave, and gloomy, see  
 Each Form confess thy dull Divinity ;  
 True to thy Cause behold each *trenchar'd Sage*  
 Increas'd in Folly as advanc'd in Age :  
 Here *Ch---r*, learn'd in mystic Prophecy,  
 Confuting *Collins*, makes each Prophet lie :  
 Poor *Woolston* by thy *Smallbrook* there assail'd,  
*Goals* sure convinc'd him, tho' the *Prelate* fail'd.

But chief *Pastorius*, ever grave and dull,  
 Devoid of Sense, of Zeal divinely full,  
 Retail his Squibs of Science o'er the Town,  
 While *Charges*, *Pastorals*, thro' each Street resound,  
 These teach a heav'nly *Jesus* to obey,  
 While those maintain an earthly *Appius* Sway.

Thy Gospel Truth, *Pastorius*, crost we see,\*  
 While *God* and *Mammon's* serv'd at once by Thee.

Who would not trim, speak, vote, or Conscience pawn,  
 To lord it o'er a See, and swell in Lawn?  
 If Arts like these, O *S-----k*, Honours claim,  
 Than Thee none merits more the Prelate's Name :

\* A Prelate noted for writing Spiritual Pastorals and Temporal Charges ; in the one he endeavours to serve the Cause of Christianity, in the other the Mammon of a Ministry.



Wond'ring behold him faithful to his Fee,  
 Prove Parliaments *dependent* to be free ;  
 In Senates blunder, flounder, and dispute,  
 For ever reas'ning, never to confute.  
 Since Courts for this their fated Gifts decree,  
 Say what is Reputation to a *See*.

Lo! o'er yon Flood *H--e* casts his low'ring Eyes,  
 And wishful sees the reverend Turrets rise.  
 While *Lambeth* opens to thy longing View,  
 Hapless! the *Mitre* ne'er can bind thy Brow :  
 Tho' Courts should deign the Gift, how wondrous hard  
 By thy own Doctrines still to be debar'd ;  
 For if from *Change*\* such mighty Evil springs,  
*Translations* sure, O *H--e*! are sinful Things!

These Rulers see, and nameless Numbers more,  
 O Goddess, of thy Train the choicest Store,  
 Who Ignorance in Gravity entrench,  
 And grace alike the *Pulpit* and the *Bench*.

Full plac'd and pension'd see *H-r---o* stands,  
 Begrim'd his Face, unpurify'd his Hands ;

\* A noted Sermon preached on the 30th of January on this Text, *Woe be unto them that are given to Change*, &c.

To Decency he scorns all nice pretence,  
 And reigns firm Foe to Cleanliness and Sense.  
 How did *H-r---o* BRITAIN'S Cause advance!  
 How shine the *Sloven* and *Buffoon* of *France*,  
 In Senates now, how scold, how rave, how roar,  
 Of *Treaties* run the tedious train-trow o'er!  
 How blunder out whate'er should be conceal'd,  
 And how keep secret what should be reveal'd!  
 True Child of *Dullness*! see him, Goddess, claim  
 Pow'r next myself, as next in Birth and Fame.

Silence! ye Senates, while enribon'd *Y---e*  
 Pours fourth melodious Nothings from his Tongue!  
 How sweet the Accents play around the Ear,  
 Form'd of smooth Periods, and of well-tun'd Air!  
 Leave, gentle *Y---e*, the Senate's dry Debate,  
 Nor labour 'midst the Labyrinths of State;  
 Suit thy soft Genius to more tender Themes,  
 And sing of cooling Shades, and purling Streams;  
 With modern Sing-song murder ancient Plays,\*  
 Or warble in sweet Ode a *Brunswick's* Praise:

\* This Gentleman, with the Assistance of *Roome*, *Concanen*, and several others, committed a barbarous Murder on the Body of an old Comedy, by turning it into a modern Ballad Opera; which was scarce exhibited on the Stage, before it was thought necessary to be contracted into one Act. As this is the only living Instance of the surprizing Genius and Abilities of these Wits, I could not forbear mentioning it.



So shall thy Strains in purer *Dullness* flow,  
 And Laurels wither on a *C-bb-r*'s Brow.  
 Say, can the Statesman wield the Poet's Quill,  
 And quit the Senate for *Parnassus*' Hill ;  
 Since there no venal Vote a Pension shares,  
 Nor wants *Apollo* Lords Commissioners.

There *W-----* and *P-----*, Goddess, view,  
 Firm in thy Cause, and to thy *Appius* true ;  
 Lo ! from their Labours what Reward betides !  
 One pays my Army, one my Navy guides.

To dance, dress, sing, and serenade the Fair,  
 " Conduct a Finger, or reclaim a Hair,  
 O'er baleful Tea with Females taught to blame,  
 And spread a Slander o'er each Virgin's Fame ;  
 Form'd for these softer Arts, shall *H---y* strain,  
 With stubborn Politicks his tender Brain !  
 For Ministers laborious Pamphlets write,  
 In Senates prattle, and with Patriots fight !  
 Thy fond Ambition, *pretty Youth*, give o'er,  
 Preside at Balls, old Fashions lost restore ;

So

So shall each Toilet in thy Cause engage,  
And *H---y* shine a *P---re* of the Age.

Behold a Star emblazon *C---n's* Coat,  
Not that the Knight has Merit, but a Vote.  
And here, O Goddess, numerous Wrongheads trace,  
Lur'd by a *Pension*, *Ribbon*, or a *Place*.

To murder Science, and my Cause defend,  
Now Shoals of *Grubstreet* Garréteers descend ;  
From *Schools* and *Desks* the writing Insects crawl,  
Unlade their Dullness, and for *Appius* bawl.

Lo! to thy darling *Osborne* turn thine Eyes,  
See him o'er Politicks superior rise ;  
While *Caleb* feels the Venom of his Quill,  
And wond'ring Ministers reward his Skill :  
Unlearn'd in Logic, yet he writes by Rule,  
And proves himself in Syllogism --- Fool ;  
Now flies obedient, War with Sense to wage,  
And drags th' Idea thro' the painful Page :  
Unread, unanswer'd, still he writes again,  
Still spins the endless Cobweb of his Brain ;

Charm'd



Charm'd with each Line, reviewing what he writ,  
 Blesses his Stars, and wonders at his Wit.

Nor less, O *Walsingham*, thy Worth appears!  
 Alike in Merit, tho' unlike in Years:  
 Ill-fated Youth! what Stars malignant shed  
 Their baneful Influence o'er thy brainless Head,  
 Doom'd to be ever writing, never read!  
 For Bread to libel Liberty and Sense,  
 And damn thy Patron weekly with Defence.  
 Drench'd in the sable Flood, O had'st thou still,  
 O'er Skins of Parchment drove thy venal Quill,  
 At *Temple* Ale-house told an idle Tale,  
 And pawn'd thy Credit for a Mug of Ale;  
 Unknown to *Appius* then had been thy Name,  
 Unlac'd thy Coat, unfacritic'd his Fame;  
 Nor vast unvended Reams would *Peele* deplore,  
 As Victims destin'd to the Common-Shore.

As Dunces to Dunces in endless Numbers breed,  
 So to *Concanen* see a *Ralph* succeed,  
 A tiny Witling of these Writing Days,  
 Full fam'd for tuneless Rhimes, and short-liv'd Plays.

F

Write

Write on, my *luckless Bard*, still unasham'd,  
 Tho' burnt thy Journals, and thy Dramas damn'd;  
 'Tis Bread inspires thy Politicks and Lays,  
 Not Thirst of *Immortality* or *Praise*.

These, Goddesses, view, the choicest of the **Train**,  
 While yet unnumber'd *Dunces* still remain,  
 Deans, Critics, Lawyers, Bards, a motley Crew,  
 To *Dullness* faithful, as to *Appius* true.

Enough, the Goddesses cries, Enough I've seen;  
 While these support, secure my Son shall reign,  
 Still shalt thou blund'ring rule *Britannia's* Fate,  
 Still *Grub-street* hail Thee *Minister of State*.

F I N I S.



